THE FLEIRE.

As it hath beene often played in the *Blacke-Friers*, by the Children of the REVELLS.

Written by Edward Sharpham, *of the* Middle Temple, Gentleman.

AT LONDON
Printed for *Nathaniell Butter*, and are to be solde at his Shop at the Pyde Bull at Saint *Augustines* Gate. *Anno* 1607.

C.P.
Collated & Perfect.
J.H.K. 1790.

TO THE READER and Hearer.

FRiendly perusers, or perusing friends, that haue bin ouer-bold with some of vs; giue me leaue to be a little bolde with you: I haue printed a Booke heere to make you laugh and lye downe to, if you please: I know it comes not like a Mouse-trap to inueigle your good opinions, nor like newes of great Armies, very strange and vndreamt of, but like forfeits to a Vsurer long lookt for. If you finde any errors by mee committed, correct them, or neglect them. The Author is inuisible to mee (*viz.* ith' Country) but whereabouts I cannot learne; yet I feare hee will see mee too soone, for I had of him before his departure an Epistle or Apologicall præamble (this being his first Minerua) directed vnto you, which should haue beene in

this Page dimnig'd, and (not to ieſt with you becauſe this Booke playes that part ſufficiently) I haue loſt it, remembring none of the Contents. And therefore (kinde Readers) I doe preſume thus to ſalute you; vſe theſe Comicall diſcourſes fauourably, and you ſhall haue ſome from the Author hereafter more worthy your fauours and affections: through a narrow window you may view a broad Field; ſo in this *modicum* you may conceiue his great deſire to delight you. But howſoeuer, I know this volume will be ſweet in the palates of your minds, though your mouthes may finde it bitter in digeſtion, and ſo I commit your eyes to the next Page.

The

The Fleire.

ACT. I.

Enter Signior Antifront, with a Lord.

Lord. DEere Lord, I know it well becomes not me to counsell him that best can counsell me: yet if it please you but to lend your eares, and heare my loue if not my counsell.

Sig. No more, I know thy loue tends to the stopping of ny longing and my resolution: thou knowest that I no lon-ger now am Signior: *Florence* hath got another Gouernour, nd one step backe in state of Maiestie, is a greater fall then to meaner man that looseth all: Besides, thou knowest our Daughters they are sled, the true inperitors of *Florence* right, nd mighty *Piso* now vsurps our regall seat: puissant in power nd mighty in his wrong, hath mounted Faulcon-like into the cye of state, seaz'd on our feeblenes, and beate our weake-es downe. And therefore now I am resolu'd to finde my two st Children out, or like as *Phaeton* in pride did ride, so I in riese will pace the world about.

Lord. Vnto your celsitude I wish, till their effects your opes may neuer faile. *Exit.*

Sig. Farewell, some strange disguise I needs must take, both r my stelth away, as for my passage on the way: and yet my-rtunes fall disguisment is too great if pleas'd the heauens, t their wils still are lawes, all is but Iustice, and our sinnes the use: *cuor forte rompe catina sorte.* *Exit.*

Deare Lord, I know it ill becomes to see

Enter

Enter Florida, and Felecia, Daughters to Signor Antifront, Madam Fromaga their waiting Gentlewoman, and two or three Seruingmen.

Flo. Withdraw, leaue vs, we would be priuate.
Sister what thinke you of this trade of ours?

Exeunt all but the two Sisters.

Fel. Tis base to be a vvhore?

Flo. Tis base to abuse great place, or basenesse to deceiue great trust.

Fel. And is't not basenesse to abuse great birth?

Flo. Yes, if great birth abusde not vs; if *Piso* had not prou'd the thiefe and rob'd vs of our right, 'thad beene worse then theft in vs, to robbe our selues of honour: youle say vvee are forbid to liue by sinne, and yet wee are commanded to seeke to liue: the letter law expresse forbids to kill, and yet the sence permits it rather then be kild; and since of two extremities the least is to be chosen, you know wee haue no other meanes to liue, but had wee, yet wee are faire by nature, scorning Art, and was not beautie made to be enioyed: doe wee not exclaime on those who haue abundant store of Coine, and yet for want suffer the needy perish at their doore, so might all doe on vs, hauing so much beautie, if we should suffer men for loue of vs to die; shall wee in whom beautie keepes her court, be cust'd and tide to one mans beneuolence? no, no, not I; rather then in vertue to liue poore, in sinne Ile die.

Fel. Your resolutions hath confirm'd my doubtes, and since t'is hatefull to liue poore, to maintaine our state I am content: but these obseruances let vs keepe, strangely mongst strangers let vs holde our state, and let our Seruants seldome know, how familiar with our friends wee be, and though *Englands* wealth doe now adorne vs, lets keepe the fashion still of *Florence*.

Flo. Content, let's in, who's neere? attend vs, ho?

Ente

Enter Frenzie, and Ladies Exeunt.

To her enter a Gentleman.

Gent. This is the ſtreet, and as I remember this is the doore.
Ile aske this ancient Gentlewoman if health and beauty dwell with you Lady.

Fro. I thanke you ſir: a has a courtly phraſe yfaith.

Gent. Doe the *Florentine* Ladies dwell heere?

Fro. Yes forſooth ſir, I am a poore Gentlewoman that followes 'am.

Gen. I am ſent to 'am by a Knight, who promiſt mee hee had procur'd me the place of a Gentleman Vſher to them.

Fro. Sir *John Hauelittle* I thinke.

Gent. Yes indeed the ſame.

Fro. By my troth hee's an honeſt Knight, a has no faule but that hee's poore, and that's a ſmall fault now adayes: but let mee ſee ſir I pray, vvere you neuer a Gentleman Vſher before?

Gent. No truely neuer yet.

Fro. Then you muſt be inſtructed ſir.

Gent. I ſhall be glad to learne.

Fro. I hope you and I ſhall be more inward ſir, and for your inſtruction I ſhall bee glad to lay open any ſecrets that I haue, therefore firſt you muſt obſerue: ha you any Tables?

Gent. Yes, ſure I neuer goe without Tables.

Fro. Plucke out your pin and write downe as I ſhall vtter: to be alwayes ready, ſtanding bare, to be imployed, vvhen, where, and howſoeuer your Ladies pleaſe. You muſt neuer be vvithout money of your owne to lay out when your Ladies bid you, as eyghteene pence to the Porter, halfe a crowne to the Coachman, or ſelue pence for a Torch, if their Ladiſhips come home late at night. If you be ſent by your Lady to another Lady to know what reſt ſhee tooke ith'night, you ſhall deliuer your anſwere iuſt as it came from the Ladie: you muſt alwayes haue a cleane band, and cleane cuffes, how fowle ſo ere your ſhirt be.

Gent. I will

Gent. I vvill obſerue all this.

Fro. You may by vertue of your office weare a Perewig, prouided, it be iuſt of the colour of your beard: let me ſee, you haue a hatch'd ſword of your owne there, haue you not?

Gent. Yes forſooth, I bought it for her Ladiſhips ſeruice.

Fro. T'was well done, you may vvare it by your office, vvhat, is your Cloake linde through?

Gent. No, but tis of a good depth in.

Fro. Tis well done too, your Ladies loue to haue it Linde a good depth in, tis for their credit. What, are thoſe ſiluer hangers your owne?

Gent. No, I borrow'd theſe, but I haue a paire of mine owne.

Fro. They are in trouble, are they?

Gent. No truely, they are at mending.

Fro. Nay though they be, tis no ſhame, you haue beene long out of ſeruice perchance.

Gent. Some three moneths.

Fro. Birlady tis a long time, but can you indure to walke ſome halfe a day in the Hall, or the great chamber, while ſome great Lord is buſie with your Ladie in an inner roome? You may ſleepe an houre or two as your Citizens wiues doe at a Sermon, to paſſe away the time, but you muſt haue a care to wake at the ruſhing of a Satten gowne, or the creaking of a doore, that if your Lady come, you may be preſently vp and bare.

Gent. Yes ſure, I could doe it well.

Enter Floridia.

Fro. You muſt ſtand ſtiffe vp, and holde vp your head, tis the chiefeſt thing belongs to your place, looke here comes the elder Ladie. Madam heere's a Gentleman that Sir *Iohn Haue-little* commended to your Ladiſhip for a Gentleman-Vſher.

Flo. Let him draw neere vs.

Gent. The Knight commends his affection, and by me makes tender of his humble ſeruice.

Fro. Kiſſe your hand and goe forward to her.

Deliuers a Letter.

Flo. We

Flo. We accept it, haue red it, you are beholding to the Knight, and he hath ſpared no paines to make your vvorthy parts well knowne to vs: draw neere vs, henceforth vvee accept you as our owne, and ſo we bid you welcome: are you a Gentleman?

Gent. Yes ſure Madam, for I was both borne and begotten in an Innes of Court.

Fro. Sure Madam then hee's a Gentleman, for hee that's but admitted to the houſe is a Gentleman, much more hee that's begotten in the houſe.

Flo. You are the more welcome, and our bountie ſhall deſerue your induſtry. *Exit. Flo.*

Gent. Is the Lady a Princeſſe that ſhe ſpeakes *vs* and *we* ſo much?

Fr. No, ſhe ſaies ſo, meaning her ſelfe and her Siſter, for they are both one, and ſuch things as they haue, they vſe in common, and you muſt ſtand bare before them both: looke, here comes the tother Ladie.

Enter Faluia.

Madam heeres the Gentleman, that Sir *Iohn Haue-little* commended to your Ladiſhip for a Gentleman: Vſher.

Fa. Wee like him, and hee's welcome: What good parts haue you? haue you the tongues?

Gent. Not very vvell Madam.

Fro. Yes Madam, a has the Scottiſh tongue very perfectly, and a has ſome skill in the Irith tongue too.

Fa. Thats a wilde ſpeech.

Fr. Nay Ile warrant your Ladiſhip heele not runne away, has traueld Madam to a faire, for a has beene in Wales.

Fa. Has a no skill in the French tongue.

Gent. Some little skill Madam.

Fro. No ſure Madam, I thinke your Ladiſhip hath more knowledge of the French then he.

Fa. Well, we will at more leaſure ſuruey your good parts, and make thereof the beſt for our owne vſe. *Exit.*

Gent. I pray what vvages doe theſe Ladies giue?

Fro. Faith your vvages vvill be much about the nature of your office, very bare ſtanding wages: I thinke ſome for-

tie shillings a yeere.

Gent. Why, how meane they I shall liue in their seruice?

Fro. Why, by their countenance; I ha knowne a Lord hath giuen his foole nothing but his countenance to liue by, and I can tell you; t'as proou'd a good Court-maintenance to.

Gent. Countenance? I hope I haue a countenance good enough of mine owne, I need not serue for one.

Fro. In troth and so a has for a Gentleman Vsher, I must needs say a very harmelesse silly countenance.

Gent. Yes faith I meane to trie their bountie.

Fro. Come will you walke in sir? He follow you.

Gent. Very vviflingly.

Fro. This is braue yfaith, a shall goe hare before me to, a will serue vs all three when we are abroad.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistresse Susan, and Nan, Sisters.

Su. Come sister, come we were not borne to stand, 'tis against the nature of our sexes kinde: come, sir, and tell me how many suters you haue, and which you most doe loue? and I will tell you all mine, and which I most respect.

Nan. Faith I haue a dozen at the least, and their deserts are all so good, I know not which I should loue most: and one last day did court mee thus: *O had my tongue the influence to lead thy faire thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine: then shouldest thou be his prisoner, who is thine.* I seeing my poore Gentleman likely to be drownd in the depth of *Hellespont*, deliuered him this verse to catch hold of: *O be not fayre, and so vnkinde: misshapen stuffe, is of behauiour boystrous and rough.*

Sus. But come, vvhat vvas a for a man?

Nan. What was a for a man? Why, a was a man for a woman, what should a be? and yfaith he was a neat Lad to, for his beard was newly cut bare, marry it showed something like a medow newly moued: stubble, stubble.

Su. Well I haue a sutor too, if hee had as much vvit as liuing, it may be I should finde in my heart to loue him.

Nan. What, i'st Sir *Iohn Haue-little* that gallant Knight that courts delicate Ladies? spare not the sweat of my body, man was made to labour, vse my creation, vvomen to beare, ile vse yours: Birds to flie, Fish to swimme, &c. And then sweares by my conscience Lady, I esteeme you as I doe money, which buyes euery thing, and thats but like a Puncke, for euery man has to doe vvith it.

Su. No Sister no, tis not hee, for I thinke his vvit cannot call his wealth Master, nor his wealth his wit, and yet they are both seruants to a foole.

Nan. Faith who i'st Sister, is a proper man? hath hee a good face?

Su. Tis the person and conditions I respect, and not face, for euery Egy has a good face, and its not in this hayre. No Sister no, my loue is more vvorthier then wordes can vtter: I cannot sympathize his rare perfections vvith any earthly substance: this Globe of dirt produceth nothing worthy of his comparison, for such perfection so refines his body as you would thinke an Angell were his sire: his discourse, behaviour, and humanitie, attracts to him my soules felicitie.

Nan. Pray heauen it be not mine: nay come, who is your loue? fellow.

Su. Nay who is yours? speake first.

Nan. Yet agen!

Su. If it be mine, my heart will breake: mine is Master

Nan. Who, who, who?

Su. Ruffell.

Nan. Pray God't be true.

Su. In troth tis he.

Nan. And mine is Master *Sparke*, and looke heere they come.

Enter Sparke, Ruffell, Piso, Knight, and Petoune.

Spar. Faith Ladies, youth and beautie alwayes be your handmaides.

Ruff. Best fortunes your attendants.

Piso. Good clothes your companions.

Ruff. Wee all of vs your seruants.

Pet. And let Tobacco be your perfumes.

Nan. Lord Gentlemen how your wits caper! meethinkes twould become you vvell at first entrance, your discretions came in with a sober measure.

Spa. Ladies we are come to make a Gentleman of your acquaintance heere.

Nan. His name good Master *Sparke*? he's very welcome.

Spar. His name is Signior *Petoune*, a Traueller and a great Tobacconist.

Pet. Faith Ladies I take it now and then fasting for the purification of my vvit.

Sus. Purification? vvhy has your vvit laine a childe-bed sir?

Ruff. Yes indeed Lady, brought to bed of a Moonecalfe.

Pet. Faith Ladies if you vsde but a morning when ye rise, the diuine smoke of this Celestiall herbe, it will more purifie, clense & mundifie your complexions, by ten parts, then your dissolued Mercury, your iuyce of Lemmons, your distilled Snailes, your gourd water, your oyle of Tartar, or a thousand such toyes.

Spa. Sure Ladies I must needs say th'instinct of this herbe hath wrought in this Gentleman such a diuine influence of good words, excellent discourse, admirable inuention, incomparable wit: why I tell yee, when her talkes, wisedome stands a mile off and dares not come neere him, for feare a should shame her; but before a did vse this Tobacco, a was the arrantst Woodcocke that euer I saw.

Pet. Indeed I vvas a very silly fellow.

Ruff. Nay you were an arrant asse.

Pet. Sure I was a foole.

Kni. Nay

Kni. Nay, you were a moſt monſtrous puppie.

Pet. Indeed I vvas an Idiot, a very Idiot.

Piſo. By this light thou were a moſt egregious coxcombe.

Pet. Indeed I was, indeed I vvas.

Sp. But ſince, it hath imbelliſht his good parts, perfected his ill parts, and made his ſecret actions correſpondent to his outward vviſedome, as you may vvell perceiue.

Pet. Faith Lady, theſe Gentlewomen haue not long vſed my companie, yet you ſee how Tobacco hath already refined their ſpirits.

Piſo. Petoune I wonder Tobacco hath not purified the complexion of thy noſe?

Pet. Why, vvhat ayles my noſe?

Piſo. Nay, be not angry, I doe not touch thy noſe, to th'end a ſhould take any thing in ſnuffe.

Pet. Why doy' play ſo about my noſe?

Kni. 'Tis a good turne he's no Fle Signior: if a were, a vvould burne his vvings.

Nan. O Signior, theſe Gentlewomen haue not long vſed your companie, yet you ſee how Tobacco hath already refined their ſpirits.

Pet. Faith Lady, vvould you beſtow but one fauour of mee.

Nan. Truely Signior if you ſhould haue as much fauour as you haue complexion you vvould be highly fauoured.

Pet. Deare Lady, now by this day I loue you.

Nan. Cheap Signior, now by the light of this day, I cannot loue you.

Sp. Now Lady, what drugs of wit has this Apothecarie of Tobacco ſold you?

Nan. Faith a ſolde me none ſir, onely a gaue me a taſte of his good meaning.

Pet. Faith Lady I muſt enquire your name.

Suſ. I pra'y doe ſir, yond Gentlewoman knowes it.

Pet. O, I know it well enough.

Suſ. Why doe you enquire it then?

Pet. Come, come, Lady can you loue?

Suſ. I.

Pet. And

Pet. And can you loue me? *Su.* No.

Pet. Euery foole can say I, and no.

Su. And I alwayes answere euery foole so.

Pet. Doy' thinke I want vvit?

Su. If you doe, t'is a shame you doe not learne it.

Pet. Will you teach me? Ile come to you to schoole.

Su. Tis not my profession sir, to teach a foole.

Spa. Looke, looke, this fellow is like your vpright shooe, hee will serue eyther foot.

Pet. Good Lady, haue a better regard of mee, doe but thinke me made of the same mettall other men are.

Su. If others were of the same mettall you are, and all mine, I should quickely sell them to the Bell-makers.

Pet. Why, what mettall doe you thinke me?

Su. Copper sir, copper, for I take your body to be of the same mettall your nose is.

Pet. Deare Lady, now by this day I loue you.

Spa. Why, how now Signior, what sayes the Lady, vvill shee loue thee man?

Pet. Faith I can get but a cold comfort of her.

Sp. Well, thanke her for't.

Pet. For what?

Spa. Why, for her cold comfort, she gaue it thee to coole the heat of thy nose man?

Su. Signior, you see these Gentlewomen haue not long vsed your company; yet you see how Tobacco hath already refined their spirits.

Ruff. Why, how now Signior? at blind-man buffe? bob'd on eyther side?

Pet. Prethe peace: deare Lady, please you take a pipe of Tobacco?

Ruff. I, come: Ile beginne to her (*tab*) why, what a rogue art thou to offer a faire Lady an emptie Pipe?

Su. Why Signior? doe you make a foole of me?

Piso. Had you no body Signior to haue bob'd vvith an emptie Pipe but her?

Nan. Why how now Signior, could you finde neuer a fitter blocke to whet your wit on, but my Sister?

Sp. By

Sp. By the diuine ſmoke of Tobacco Signior, you haue ſham'd vs all.

Pet. Sweare not good Sir, ſweare not, prophane not the Indian plant.

Kni. Had you no body elſe Signior, to breake an emptie ieſt on, but this Ladie?

Su. No, no, a thinkes any thing is good enough for mee.

Pet. Sir, would you make my Lady and me friends.

Spar. Nay Signior, I haue no face to ſpeake, now you haue abuſde her in your owne Element: if it had beene in any thing but Tobacco, I would haue done my beſt.

Ruff. Harke you Signior, you were beſt to aske her forgiuenelſe on your knees, there's no way to get her friendſhip elſe.

Pet. But will ſhee forgiue me thinke you if I aske her mercy on my knees?

Spa. Why, proue Signior, you can but trye, weele all ſpeake for you.

Ruff. Good Lady will you forgiue this Signior? you ſee his penitent griefe hath brought him very low, for hees on's knees; beſides hee weepes; ſpeake Signior, ſpeake for your ſelfe.

Pet. Lady, I muſt confeſſe I haue offered you an emptie pipe, which methinkes hath ſmall reaſon to be taken in ſnuffe.

Sp. And you are ſory for't Signior, are you not?

Pet. I with all my heart.

Spa. Forgiue him good Lady, pra'y forgiue him.

Su. I am content Gent. at your intreaties, vpon conditions.

Pet. Vpon any conditions.

Su. But you ſhall be ſworne to them.

Pet. Moſt willingly.

Ruff. Come, a ſhall be ſworne on's owne Tobacco pipe.

Piſo. Looke you Signior, he told you there was no way to get her good will but by kneeling, for he that will haue a womans loue muſt ſtoope.

Su. Come M. *Ruff*, you ſhal take his oath, and ile miniſter't.

Ruff. Come Signior, put your hand to the pipe.

Su. Firſt, you ſhall neuer while you liue offer Ladie or Gentlewoman an emptie pipe. *Pet.* Neuer.

 Su. Secondly,

Su. Secondly, you shall neuer make Tabacco your Idoll, taking it in a morning before you say your prayers.

Pet. Neuer.

Su. Thirdly, you shall neuer in the praise of Tobacco disclose or dispraise, by the way of making comparisons, the secrets of Ladies, or Gentlewomen, as repeating their distil'd waters, their censing oyles, or their smoothing vnguents.

Sp. To this you sweare?

Pet. Most willingly.

Su. Fourthly, you shall neuer come with your squibs and smoke-squirts amongst Ladies and Gentlewomen, flinging out fume at your Nostrels, as a Whale doth salt water, vnlesse you be intreated by them.

Pet. Neuer.

Su. Fiftly, you shall presently conuay your selfe out of our companie, neuer to come more neere vs, vnlesse you be sent for.

Pet. Neuer.

Su. No neuer: so, let him kisse the pipe.

Sp. Come Signior, you haue kneel'd to a faire end, to get you a Mistris, and here you haue forsworne her.

Pet. I'me in a faire case now.

Pisa. Ifaith now that's a combe for any case.

Pet. Well, Ile keepe my oath, farewell Gentlemen.

Pis. Farewell Signior.

Sp. Adew Signior.

Kni. God be vo Signior.

Pet. Well, some shall smoke for this.

Ruff. Let it be your nose then good Signior in any case.

Exit.

Enter Signior Antifront, disguised, called Fleire.

It is a good soile, a wholesome ayre, a pretty Towne, handsome sleight buildings, well proportioned people, very faire vvomen.

Spa. Hayda, this is like a Lawyers studie in the latter end of a Terme, one's no sooner thrung'd out, but another's thrust in, y'are vvelcome sir.

Fle. But

Fle. But I am not ſir, for I am ſicke.

Reff. Would you ſpeake vvith any man heere?

Fle. I care not greatly ſir, if I ſpoke with euery man here.

Nym. Hee's a mad fellow.

Spa. What art?

Fle. Poore.

Reff. Doſt meane to liue in this Towne?

Fle. Ide be loth to die in't.

Kni. In what Countrey wert borne?

Fle. In none.

Kni. Where then.

Fle. In a Towne.

Kni. What nation art?

Fle. An Italian.

Kni. O then thou canſt make glaſſes.

Fle. I, and as wiſemen as your Aſſes, to: O are you there. *Piſtol* your Father is my good Lord, but no more of that yet.

Sp. Why Signior, I hope you vvonnot ſwagger?

Fle. No, nor I care not greatly for them that doe, for your ſwaggerer is but like your walking ſpur, a gingles much, but he'le neu'r pricke.

Kni. Why art ſo melancholy?

Su. Ile hold my life he is in loue with ſome vvaiting Gentlevvoman.

Fle. Hee's a mad fellow will loue any of you all, longer then a piſſing vvhile.

Piſ. Why cam'ſt thou out of *Italy* into *England*?

Fle. Becauſe *England* would not come into *Italy* to me.

Piſ. Why art ſad?

Fle. Becauſe I haue cauſe.

Piſ. Who doeſt follow?

Fle. My noſe.

Spar. Who doeſt ſerue.

Fle. God.

Reff. Who art towards?

Fle. He that's before me.

Spa. What doeſt want?

Fle. Money.

Sp. Nothing else?

Fle. Yes.

Sp. What?

Fle. A good seruice. *Spa.* Shall I preferre thee?

Fle. I cannot tell, tis as I like the man.

Spa. Nay't shall be to a couple of Gentlewomen of thine owne Countrie.

Fle. I shall haue enough to doe then I hope, I haue heard of one woman hath serud ten men, but I neuer heard that one man should be preferred to serue two women before ere an Englishman. *Spar.* I.

Fle. So I thought indeed, you cannot poison so well as we Italians, but youle finde a meanes to bring a man out of his life as soone. Gods light, serue two women quoth you?

Spa. Why thou shalt serue but one, yet take thy choyce of both. *Fle.* I marry sir, I like where't comes to choosing.

Spa. What's thy name?

Fl. Fleire.

Sp. What's thy profession?

Fle. I haue euer beene a Courtier.

Sp. A Courtier! come Gentlemen, I like this fellow so well that Ile preferre him straight.

Nan. Doe so, you shall doe a deed of charitie in't.

Sp. Faire Ladies youle excuse vs. *Exeunt.*

Su. You haue bin very welcome Gentlemen. *manet Su. Nan.*

Nan. Come sister, there rests nothing for vs now but this: we'l get vs in mans apparell and serue them as Pages, so shall we finder them in their marriages, and in th'end prefer our selues to be their wiues.

Su. I like it well, come lets about it presently. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actvs Secvndvs.

Enter Fleire, solus in a new Suite.

Fle. I haue not yet beene seuen daies here, and yet I see that grieues my very soule: my Daughters, my Ladies I must say now, make lust, labour for their maintenance, and this foolish Nation will sell their goods, their lands, nay their very soules

for

for nights delights and momentarie sports, vvhich like to lightning appeares, and vanisheth ere one can say tis come: burthen repentance sticks close. There vvas a fellow vvith one of my Ladies this morning, and the poore slaue has but 7. shillings a weeke boord vvages, and yet hee has giuen 6. on't for a bit of extraordinary flesh: well, God giue him the grace to pray, for a must fast. I ask'd the hot slaue why a did not marry, since a could not bridle his lust? and a tolde me a had rather fall into the Surgions mercy, then the vvorlds beggerie, well, I see it cannot be denide, mercenarie vvomen are necessarie members: they plucke downe the pride of the flesh, yet are not proud themselues, for they'le be as familiar with the men as vvith the Master: they doe as many good deeds as some Friers that put one to pennance for his sinnes, they put twentie to paines: he out of charitie sends one to the Hospitall once a yeere, they send twenty to the Surgions once a moneth. Say he bids men repent, they make a'm repent, yet for all this some vvill call a'm damn'd Punckes: well, if they be damn'd they'le not be damn'd *gratis*, like your yong Countrie Gentleman, nor in hugger-mugger, like your Citizens vvife with her Prentise. They can practise without an ouerseer: they scorne to haue a Suburbian Baw'd lend am a Taffetie gowne, and they (like your common Players) let men come in for two pence a peece, and yet themselues to haue but the tenth penny, like the tenth Pigge, yet faith the Trade is a good trade: they forsweare not themselues, in commendation of their vvares, as your common Tradesmen doe, swearing they cannot afford it at the price. They are no prouerbe breakers: beware the buyer say they, you shall haue enough for your money, if halfe vvill not serue your turne take the hole, measure by your owne yard, you shall haue a Winchester measure. I vvas somewhat bolde with one of their Ladiships this morning, and askt her why vvomen vvent to the generating sport all the yeere, since beasts themselues went toot but once? And shee answered mee, because they were vvomen and had reason to know vvhat was good for themselues, and so had not beasts: but soft, here comes Signior *Petonne*,

Enter Petoane, taking Tobacco.

Pet. O *Fleire*, how doest *Fleire*?

Fl. O Signior, you may snuffle out your smoke here Signior, and saue your oath to, here are no Cuckold makers.

Pet. What are they *Fleire*?

Fle. Women Signior, vvomen: I heard what a rash Gentleman you were to forsweare your Mistris company in the very heat of your affection.

Pet. Hang her, hang her, shees a very cricket, shee hath vvritten for me three or foure times, but ile see her damn'd ere ile come to her, vvoot take any Tobacco *Fleire*?

Fle. No, not I, Ile not make my nose a red Herring, ile not hang him ith' smoake.

Pet. Thou art a good Courtier *Fleire*, tha'st got a suit already.

Fle. Nay, I haue two or three Offices to.

Pet. Prethee vvhat are they?

Fle. Why I am a Yeoman ath' Iurden, Gentleman a smock, and Squire of entertainement: for vvhen your Gallants approach, I take their income, for if I stay till their out-come, the Deuill a bit of any siluer sir can I get: for your new made Gallants lay all on the back, and spend all at t'belly.

Pet. How doe thy two Ladies liue *Fleire*?

Fle. Like two Musk-cats in a Coope.

Pet. Why? I heare say they liue gallantly.

Fle. Pheu, they? vvhy they keepe a little court.

Pet. And what art thou, a Sumner?

Fle. A Sumner, vvhy?

Pet. Because thou art one of the, hacke in thine eare.

Fle. Well said Caulfe, hast heene a sucking all this vvhile for that iest? no, I haue an honourable place, I am one of their leaders, for their shooes are so hie, & their heeles so short, if they should not be led, they'd play domesticke trickes abroad, and show all.

Pet. Thou their leader! vvhy, doe they meane to goe to the vvarres?

Fle. I thinke so, for I am sure here were a couple of Gentlemen last night that scowr'd their pieces.

Pet. I thinke *Fleire* thy Ladies are not rich.

Fle. How can they? they spend vvhen others get.

Pet. Dost heare *Fleire*; woot prefer me to their seruice?

Fl. What! shall we embrace? shall we haue red-nos'd Corporals here? what you rogue? will you turne Summer? away you Whale-nos'd rogue, away, goe, snufle, snufle in the Ocean, away you slaue.

Pet. Is thy name *Fleire*? th'art a flattering, fleering, cogging knaue. *Exit.*

Enter two Ladies, one singing.

Fel. *His mans red hose, were the colour of 's nose,*
and his breech was made of blue:
And he in shape, but a French-mans Ape,
and so sweet sir adiew.
"Holla, holla, ye pampred Iades of Asia,
"And can you draw but twenty miles a day?

Flo. Giue me a bowe, Ile hit the Sunne.

Fel. Why t'is impossible.

Flo. No more canst thou hit true felicitie.

Fel. O I am in an excellent humour, now I could laugh, daunce, leape, or doe any light tricks that belongs to a light vvench.

Flo. But lonke who's here?

Fel. O signior *Fleire*, how dost, how dost man? we may be merry before thee, thou'lt be secret, wo't not?

Flo. As your Midwife, or Barber Surgeon Madam.

Fel. How lik'st the Citie *Fleire*? ha, how lik'st it?

Flo. Faith well Madam, were not your Citizens such heauy headed fellowes.

Fel. That's a signe they are no drunkards.

Fl. Indeed Madam, drinke lightens the head, the heart, the heeles, the pot, the purse; but it makes heauie chamber-pots, full bowles, and foule roomes: enough.

Fel. How

Fel. How doeſt like the Gentlemen of this Countrey?

Fle. I can compare your Gentleman, and your Merchant, to nothing ſo fitly as your Flea and your Louſe. I had rather truſt your Louſe with an hundred pounds, then your Flea with fortie; for your Louſe like the Merchant ſtands too't, you ſhall know where to finde him, but your Flea like the Gentleman, if you take him not at the firſt ſighe, a ſlips from you.

Flo. Mee thinkes they haue a ſtrange faſhion heere, they take money with their wiues, and giue money to their wenches.

Fle. And good reaſon too (Madam) would you haue a man troubled with a wife as long as hee liues for nothing? A giues money to his wench, to be as ſoone rid of her as hee has done with her.

Fel. What's the reaſon *Fleire*, the Citizens wiues weare all Corkes in their ſhooes?

Fle. O Madam, to keepe the cuſtome of the Citie, onely to be light heeld. The Citie is like a Commodie, both in parts and in apparell, and your Gallants are the Actors: for hee that yeſterday played the Gentleman, now playes the Beggar; ſhee that played the Wayting-woman, now playes the Queane; hee that played the married-man, now playes the Cuckolde; and ſhee that played the Ladie, now playes the Painter. Then for their apparell, they haue change to; for ſhee that wore the Petticote, now weares the Breech; hee that wore the Coxcombe, now weares the Feather; the Gentleman that wore the long Sword, now weares the ſhort Hanger; and hee that could ſcarce get Velues for his Cape, has now linde his Cloake throughout with it.

Flo. But how doſt like the Court *Fleire*?

Fle. Well enough, if they did not catch their meat ſo, it comes no ſooner from Table, but t'one fellow has a fat Ducke by the rumpe, th'other a ſlippery Eele by the taile, and an olde Courtier, that beſt knew the tricks on't, was mumbling of a Cunnie in a corner alone by himſelfe.

Fel.

Fel. What good cheere didſt ſee there?

Fle. Faith there was much good meate, but nee thought your faire Ladie vvas your onely diſh.

Flo. I, but that's a coſtly diſh, and will aske rich ſawcing.

Fle. Faith for mine owne part vvhen I had a ſtomacke, I ſhould like it beſtin it owne naked kinde, vvithout any ſawce at all.

Flo. What's the newes now at Court *Fleire*?

Fle. Faith they ſay your Ladies cannot endure the olde faſhion Spurre, they ſay it hanges to a mans heele like a Wheele-barrow, but they loue the fine little Scottiſh Spurre, it makes the Court Gennet curuet, curuet gallantly.

Flo. I prethee *Fleire*, how goes the report of vs two abroad?

Fle. If I ſhould tell you, I feare your Ladiſhips vvould be angry.

Flo. No, not a vvhit.

Fle. But alas they are your common people, they are like your Slippers, they are alwayes gaping, their mouthes are neuer ſhut.

Flo. But vvhat ſay they of vs?

Fle. Alas Madam, their tongues are like your dey leather ſhooes, alwayes creaking.

Flo. But I prethee tell vs, vvhat doe they ſay of vs?

Fle. I ſhall offend your Ladiſhips.

Flo. I tell thee no.

Fle. But alas Madam, I doe not beleeue them, becauſe I know the conditions of the ſlaues; vvhy I tell you, their tongues are like the Iacke of a Clocke, ſtill in labour.

Flo. I thinke tha'rt madde, I prethee tell vs vvhat they ſay.

Fle. I would be loath to diſpleaſe you.

Flo. I tell thee thou ſhalt not.

Fle. Faith they ſay your Ladiſhips are a couple of ſtarke Curtizans.

Flo. Faith that was not much amisse, sayd they no vvorse?

Fle. You'le not be angry vvith me.

Flo. No a'my vvord.

Fle. By my troth they sayd stately vvhores.

Flo. What Pagan rogues be these? were they but roasted Larkes for my sake, I would crush am bones and all.

Fel. Why? are you so angry sister? you know they speake truth.

Flo. Why, are vve vvhores?

Fel. What are we else?

Flo. Why we are Curtizans.

Fel. And what difference pra'y?

Fle. O great, great Madam, your whore is for euery rascal, but your Curtizan is for your Courtier.

Flo. He has giuen you a difference now.

Fl. And indeed Madam I said so, for in truth I was very angry with 'am, but they said you were for euery Seruingman to.

Flo. Did they say so?

Fle. Yes indeed Madam, I hope I haue touch'd you now?

Flo. Ile hold my life this slaue the Seruingman, that was with me this morning, has brag'd of my kindnes to him.

Fle. Nay, thats likely, neuer trust a fellow that will flatter, fleire, and fawne for foure nobles a yeere.

Flo. Well, ile neuer haue Seruingman touch any linnen of mine agen.

Fle. Yes Madam, a may touch't when tis at your Laundresses.

Flo. I, at my Laundresses, or else not: but what a rascal's this? by this light, ile neuer suffer Seruingman come neere me agen.

Fle. Yes Madam, to deliuer you a letter or so.

Fl. By this hand, not vnles the Rogue kisse his hand first.

Fle. O Madam! why? since blewe coates were left off, the kissing of the hand is the Seruingmans badge, you shall know him by't: but Madam, I speake something boldly of you now and then, when I am out of your hearing, to heare what the world vvill say of you, for you know thats the way

to

to pumpe filthy words out of their mouthes, if there be any in them.

Fel. And doe so still, wee allow thee to say any thing, for thereby we shall know our friends from our foes.

Fle. I assure your Ladiships, I loue you, and am sorry for you, from my soule, although you know it not.

Flo. We doubt it not.

Fel. Come sister vvill you in?

Flo. I prethee *Fleire* informe vs how the tyde of opinion runs on vs, lest wee be drown'd in the slaunderous imaginations of the world.

Fle. I shall be very vigilant of your reputations.

Am. Be so. *Exeunt Sisters.*

Enter Ruffell.

Fle. Who comes here a Gods name? O, my gallant ruffles it out in silke, vvhere haue you beene all this while?

Ruff. Faith at Court *Fleire*, when wert thou there?

Fle. Faith but yesterday, where I saw a Farmers Son sit, newly made a Courtier, that sat in the presence at Cardes, as familiar as if the Chaire of state had beene made of a piece of his fathers Barne-doore: O tis a shame, I would haue state be state in earnest and in game, I like your Courtier for nothing but often saying his prayers.

Ruff. What, I thinke thou seldome sayest thy prayers, since thou hast almost forgot thy Pater-noster.

Fle. Faith I pray once a weeke, doest thou pray oftner?

Ruff. I did pray oftner when I was an Englishman, but I haue not prayed often, I must confesse, since I was a Britaine: but doest heare *Fleire*? canst tell me if an Englishman were in debt, whether a Britaine must pay it or no?

Fle. No, questionlesse no.

Ruff. I'me glad of that, I hope some honest Statute vvill come shortly, and wipe out all my scores.

Fle. But, whats the newes now abroad Master *Ruffell*?

Ruff. Why they say the Courtiers shall make the Citizens no more Cuckolds.

Fle. Excellent newes yfaith, excellent newes, then the Court will grow rich.

Ruff. Rich? vvhy man, vvhy?

Fle. Why then your Courtier will not bestow his money in buying the Merchants idle commodities to lie with his wife.

Ruff. *Fleire* I did but so trie thee, the tide of the flood is turn'd man.

Fle. Then let them sweat for't.

Ruff. For vvhat?

Fle. If they strive against the streame. (courtiers.

Ruff. No, but I meane the Citizens must Cuckold the

Fle. Excellent newes yfaith; excellent newes, then the Court will grow rich.

Ruff. What, like your Weauers shuttle? make cloath forward and backward, by how I prethe but harke you *Fleire*? are you capable of a secret?

Fle. As your common Cockatrice, that receives the secrets of euery man.

Ruff. Then I must intreat I may trust thee.

Fle. That's because I am no Taylor, for if I were, thou wouldst intreat mee to trust thee.

Ruff. Sirra, they say your Ladies are a couple of common Puncks: I hope I may trust you vvith a secret?

Fle. Sir, sir, doy heare, doy thinke they are no worse?

Ruff. Worse! vvhy can they be vvorse?

Fle. O sir, they may be priuate Puncks: why I tell you hee that takes vp his priuate Punches linnen, vvere better take vp any commoditie about the Towne: if were a commoditie of Mousetraps, a should not loose much by the bargaine.

Ruff. But harke you *Fleire*, harke you, tis supposd I can tell you, they are a couple of priuate puncks.

Fle. Nay, then there's some hope they'le proue honest women.

Ruff. Yea, how *Fleire* how?

Fle. Why, your priuate puncke would leaue being a puncke, rather than 'a priuate to one man for nothing, and then if all men were like thee, they would be honest, for thou

hast

hast nothing to giue am.

Ruff. What a cogging fleiring Rogue is this, nothing will anger him: but doy' heare *Fleire*, art thou a procurer, or a knaue? for one of them I am sure thou art?

Fle. A procurer! what's that?

Ruff. One that procurer meanes for procreation, vulgarly cal'd a Pander.

Fle. By this light, now were I notable Rogue, should I denie my profession, why, I am a procurer sir.

Ruff. Nay, then thou art a Knaue to, that's certaine, for there is such a simpathie betweene a Procurer and a knaue, as there is betwixt an Alcumist and a Beggar.

Fl. But looke you sir, pra'y will you tell me one thing now.

Ruff. What's that?

Fle. Are you a Whoremaster or a Thiefe? for one of them I'm sure you are.

Ruff. By this light now a comes neere me: to vvhy I am a vvhoremaster.

Fle. Nay then you are a theefe to, that's certaine, for your vvhoremaster alwayes filcheth for victuals, for you know flesh is mans food, marry sir, you cannot be hang'd for't, tis but pettilassery at most, but you may chance be whipt for't and burnt to, but ith' ——— Signior, not ith' hand.

Enter Sparke.

Sp. Saue ye Gentles.

Ruff. Then we are enemies to the Iewes.

Fle. O my good preferrer, how does your worship, you are a stranger heere?

Sp. Faith I haue beene with two Gentlewomen, in whose companie thou first sawest vs. and there the Knight, Sir *John Hane little*, is so in loue with the yonger, as a knowes not whether a should reioyce, shee hath so much beautie: or lament, because he is like to enioy none on't.

Fle. By my troth I tooke him for a Coniurer, when I first saw him, a talkt so much of his soule and the diuell.

Spa. Why a solde his soule to the Deuill man, for the veluet that lines his cloake.

Fle. And when will he giue the Diuell his due?

Spa. Nay, a deales with him, as a does with his Tailor, goes vpon truſt, and meanes to pay them both at the latter day.

Fle. But does not the Gentlemen ſcſt at him?

Spa. Yes, one of them aſked if he were a celeſtrial or a terreſtriall Knight, and he very ignorantly asked vvhat Knights they vvere? your terreſtriall Knight quoth ſhe, is of a groſſe element, and liues vpon Lands of his owne, but your celeſtriall Knight, he liues by the Heire, that is, by his elder Brother. He it was, vvas knighted, vvhen ſo few ſcap't the ſword, and he is is that now liues by the ſword.

Fle. And vvhat ſaid the Knight, vvhat ſaid he?

Sp. Faith as ſome Courtiers doe, laugh at vvhat he did not vnderſtand, and ſvvore an oath or two of the new faſhion, as, by my conſcience Lady, you haue a very good ſpirit, and ſo after two or three Court complements, beſeecht the Ladies retaine him ſtill in their good graces, kiſt his hand and vvent his vvay.

Fle. Faith me thinkes your Engliſh Ladies were very gallant Creatures, had they not one fault.

Spa. Vvhat's that?

Fle. I haue heard ſay, they will ſtir ſooner, and goe with more deuotion to ſee an extraordinary execution, then to heare a Sermon.

Spa. O ſignior, condemne not all for ſome, indeed I muſt confeſſe there haue beene Ladies at executions.

Fle. I, and they ſate bare fac't too, for feare the little ſtreet-holes of their maſkes ſhould not giue their eyes roome enough for ſuch a proſpect: one Lady thruſt her head ſo far out at a window, with greedy deſire to ſee all, that the whole body was like to follow, making a forked tree with her head downe, had not her Gentleman-Vſher, contrary to the nature of his office, catch't holde of her behinde.

Spa. A forked tree, vvhy vvhat tree doeſt thou thinke ſhe would haue made?

Fle. O ſir, a Medler-tree, a Medler-tree.

Spa. But *Fleire*, how does the Gentleman-Vſher, liue with thy Ladies?

Fle. Faith ſir in the nature of a Munkie, that flatters and fawnes

fawnes, and shakes his taile in his Mistris lap: but yfaith Gallants, vvhether are you two bound now?

Spa. Weare euen ready for thy two Ladies, Signior.

Fle. Faith and you shall finde my two Ladies as ready for you two: Come, come, Ile put you in the way of all flesh, Ile send you to Grauesend, Ile see yee in the Tilt-boat, vvhen you are there, ship your selues: in, in, in.

Ex. Spa. & Kni.

Enter Piso and Knight.

Piso. How is't *Fleire*?

Fle. O my Lord, you are a welcome man.

Kni. Saue you Signior.

Fle. O my gratious Knight, and whether are you two bound now?

Piso. Faith e'en to your two Ladies Signior.

Fle. Yea? and will you to the South-ward yfaith? will you to the confines of *Italy* my Gallants? take heed how yee goe North-wards, t'is a dangerous Coast, iest not with't in Winter, therefore goe South-wards my Gallants, South-wards hoe: I haue shipt two Gallants in a storme, I feare they haue spent their maine Mastes by this time, and are comming home againe: but if you will Southwards, my hearts of gold, Ile ship you in pompe, I send yee vnder the very line, vvhere the Sunne is hottest.

Piso. But come, shall we goe see thy Ladies *Fleire*?

Fle. I, I, Come: but my good Lord you'le be a welcome man, for I haue heard her often sweare, that had she such a Husband, a man so richly deckt in vertuous ornaments, shee would forsake this life, her-selfe, nay, her very being, to be yours. O my good Lord, she loues you dearely.

Piso. Pheu, but I cannot requite it.

Fle. Why my good Lord?

Piso. Shee's a common thing.

Fle. But say she may turne my Lord.

Piso. Shee has beene so much worne, shee's not worth the turning now.

Fle. O

Fle. O my Lord, penitence doth purge a spotted soule, and better leaue sinne late then not at all: and I do know my Lord, that for your loue from her immodest life shee'le turne.

Pis. I, I, I doubt not but shee'le turne: but t'will be like a Buzzard Hawke that turnes calle to her game.

Kni. *Fleire*, is the Gentleman-Vsher that I preferd to your Ladies in any fauour with them?

Fle. Great, great: a kisses his hand with an excellent grace, and a will leire and fleire vpon am, hee's partly their Phisitian, a makes am Suppositories, and giues am Glisters.

Kni. And how liues he with am.

Fle. Faith like *Pistoll* in the Play, a has almost kil'd himselfe with the scabbard: but hearke you Knight, you're be a welcome man to my yonger Lady, I protest shee thinkes vvorthily of you.

Kni. Signior I must confesse, I am beholding to your Lady, and to tell you truely, I haue much affected her since I first saw her.

Fle. Vpon my word sir, to my knowledge shee is an honest Gentlewoman: yet the vvorld may chance speake ill of her. Vvhy I haue heard some say *Penelope* was a Punke, hauing no reason to suspect her, but because shee lay vp late a nights, when t'was but to vndoe that vvhich shee did by day. I haue heard some say *Hercules* vvas a Coward becaus hee did not fight at single Rapier, like a Gallant; but vvith a Clubbe.

Kni. Nay, I haue no reason to thinke the worse of her for the report of the vvorld; for the vvorld Signior perchance speakes ill of you or me.

Fle. Why, y'are in th'right, I haue heard some say, you were a very needy Knight, and that you had but one shirt to your backe when you came first to this Towne: Nay more, when your Lacky carried it to the Launderesse, it was found to be a womans smocke, that you had borrowed: but vvhat? should my Lady or I believe this now?

Kni. I hope she doth not.

Fle. No,

Fle. No, no, no.

Piſ. Come *Fleire*, ſhall wee ſee thy Ladyes ?

Fle. I, I, hoe, who's within there ?

Enter Seruing-man.

Seru. What would you haue Maſter *Fleire*?

Flei. Prethee ſhew theſe Gentlemen vp into the great Chamber, and giue my Ladies notice of their being here: I haue a little buſineſſe my Lords, Heele conduct yee, yee ſhall finde a couple of your acquaintance there.

Exeunt. Manet Fleire.

Could I but worke Lord *Piſo* and my eldeſt Daughter, to make am both affect and loue each other, that marriage might vnite their harts together: O then there were aſſured hope we might redeeme our honours loſt, and regaine our right in *Florence*. And for this Knight though he be poore, yet would he marryed were vnto *Felitia*.

For oft a louing husbands awfull eye
Sets right the womans ſteps that went awry.
Heauen I know has grace enough in ſtore,
To make moſt chaſte, a moſt laſciuious vvhore.

Enter the two Wenches in Boyes apparell.

How now? who haue we here? a couple of foot-men?

Sn. You ſee ſir, we are not a horſe-backe.

Fle. How now my little fire-workes of vvit? vvhat? flaſhes and flames? tell me true, vvere you neuer Vſhers to ſome great mans Coach-mares? did you neuer runne bare before them.

Nan. Neuer vve Sir.

Fleir. Whither are you going?

Suſ. Sir, vvee want a ſeruice, and are going to get a Maſter.

Fle. Come, come, I preferre you both: Thou ſhalt ſerue a Country-man of mine, hee's going to trauaile, ſhalt goe vvith him, and thou ſhalt ſerue one of my Ladies.

Sn. Wee vvould vvillingly ſerue two neare friends, becauſe

we are brothers, and indeed two twins, and therefore are loath to be parted.

Fl. Two twins? that's all one, come, come, you shall serue am.

Nan. You shall pardon vs sir.

Enter Flor. Sparke, Felec: Russell, Piso, Knight, and Fromaga.

Flo. I hope youle not condemne me for my loue.

Spa. I haue no reason Lady.

Flo. I offered you vnaskt.

Spa. That which a number of haue bought.

Flo. Partly they haue, and partly not, for I would haue you know, my function seldome sels affection: what though I haue euill liu'd? repentant teares can wash away my sin, which Ile powre forth like drops of winter raine, and now hence-forth euer Ile this life abhorre, and to the earth my knees Ile daily bow, to get mercy from heauen, loue from you.

Nan. O the Diuell take impudency, shee courts him.

Spa. Madam, the loue that I may giue you, fully doe inioy; but I haue sworne with other loue then as a brother doth a sister neuer to loue any.

Fel. O sir, my fortunes are not fellowes with my birth, they make me stoope to base deiected courses, but would you loue me, I would as swift as thought flie this life, and leaue lusts fowlest sinne for fleshly beasts to sleepe and wallow in.

Su. Shame to thy sexe, no more.

Ry. Lady, in all the honest offices that friendship may command, command mee still: but yet I haue not seene the face to which I owe so much of loue, as may iustly arest my affections, and when I doe, Ile pay so due a debt without imprisonment.

Piso. Me thinkes yond Lady growes fayrer much then she was wont, me thinkes her feature mends, and her comely gesture much hath drawne my heart to loue her. O but shee's a whore.

Nan.

Nan. Gentlemen doe you lacke a Boy?

Spar. No.

Nan. O God I am vndone.

Sw. Sir do'y want a ſeruant?

Reſſ. No.

Sw. O Lord what ſhall I doe?

Piſ. What canſt doe?

Na. Any thing that a Boy ſhould doe.

Kni. Woot dwell with me?

Sw. 'Tis partly as youle vſe mee.

Kni. Ile vſe thee well.

Sw. Well.

Piſ. Tell me, are you both content to dwell with vs two?

Both. As pleaſe you two.

Piſ. Then thou ſhalt liue vvith me.

Kni. And thou vvith me.

Spa. Come Gentlemen, vvill you be going?

Both. We attend you ſir.

Spa. Ladyes, our occaſions call vs hence, and I am ſorry we muſt leaue you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Piſo and Nan.

Flo. Gentlemen, you all both haue, and euer ſhall be welcome.

Piſ. Lady, I will leaue you much affection more then I thought to lend you, but I deale on vſe, & haue much intereſt.

Fle. Caught I hope, hold hooke and line, hee's faſt by heauen.

Flo. My Lord, what you lend me, with much intereſt ſhall be repaid.

Piſ. Adew.

Flo. Fare you well refuſed.

Fel. Contemn'd.

Flo. Diſdain'd.

Fel. Abus'd.

Flo. A dyes.

Fel. A ſhall not liue.

Flo. Diſdaine the Daughter of ſuch a Signior?

Fel. Contemne a Lady borne? ſiſter we are vvrong'd.

Flo. But if youle conſent, I haue a proiect laid, that in requitall both of them ſhall dye.

Fel. You make my ſoule ſweet harmony: come, let's about it then. *Exeunt.* *Finis Actus ſecundi.*

ACTVS *tertius.* SCENA *prima.*

Enter the Ladies each with a Letter, and Fleire aſide.

Flo. Are vve in priuate?

Fel. We are.

Flo. Pray Siſter, vvhat moouing lines of loue has your Knight toucht your affection vvith?

Fel. Faith his ſtile is plaine, onely a little Court-like ſilken phraſe it has: but I hope your Lord hath ſent rich words like Iewels for your eares, againſt your nuptiall day.

Flo. Faith a vvooes vvith lines that might perſwade another though not me, vvhich Helend your eyes, vpon the like receiued courteſie from you.

Fel. With all my heart. *Change Letters.*

Flo. What haue vve here? *Reade.*

Lady, I know the nobleneſſe of your diſpoſition defends you from the leaſt ſparke of baſeneſſe, wherefore I inuocate euery particular vertue of yours, to be mediators to your beſt iudgement, for my better eſtimation in your loue: my affection is zealous, my intent honourable, my deſire marriage. Thus deſiring your reſolued anſwere, I reſt.

Euer at your diſpoſure:
Iacke Haue-little Knight.

Vpon my life ſome friend did penn it for the foole.

Fel. Let me ſee, vvhat's this? *Reade.*

You the vnderſtanding ſpirit of a woman, let the ſplendor of your beauty, with ſome heate of your affection, ſhine vpon the creature that adores yee, and with the heauenly comfort of your loue,

melt and thaw dispaire from my dying heart: which if it liue, it liues to loue, if dye, it dyes in loue, but howsoeuer t'is yours, t'was made for you, liues by you, and dyes without you.

Yours in the most zealous degree of affection
Don Piso De Florence.

Sister vpon my life, this is Son and Heire to Duke *Piso* that now is.

Flo. O vvould he vvere! but vvho so ere he be, a must be made a match, to giue fire to the Hell blacke powder of our reuenge, yet your loue, the wise Knight and he, are two in one, there are no such friends as they.

Fle. Then let them march both hand in hand in one way,

Flo. A shall be thus: these two being earnest Suters for our loues, weele graunt vpon condition, that sodainely they murther *Sparke* & *Ruffell*, but first to take the Sacrament, if euer it be knowne, as knowne t'will be, to keepe our names vnspotted in the action, this being done ———

Fel. Let them challenge vs, we and our loues are wonne: but say they should reueale vs?

Flo. O none will breake a Sacrament, to heape vp periury on other sinnes, when death and Hell stands gaping for their soules.

Fel. But say they raile on vs.

Flo. If they doe, t'is knowne, wee lou'd *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, and men will thinke they kild am for our loues, since they liu'd in our fauour, these in disgrace.

Fel. I like it well, come lets hasten it.
For this is euen as true as ere vvas text.
Plots are but dreames vntill they take effect. *Exeunt.*

Fle. O God, I thinke the path to hell that vvomen tread, is broder then the vvay men goes how they vvalke by couples to the deuill?

Enter Piso.

Piso. O that I should loue a vvhoore, a very common Co-

 katrise

katrise, my thoughts are drown'd in a gulfe of sinne, shee's a very Cannibal, which doth deuoure mans flesh, and a Horseleach that sucks out mens best bloods perfection: a very prisoners boxe thats ope for euery mans beneuolence: and I am Heire vnto a Duke, yet loue her: doth any man heere loue a whoore? I, who? I, I, I, tis I, an arrant puncke and common hir'de Hackeney, and yet I loue her, I adore her, I doat on her, I worship her, O would some goodman would cut my throat and put me out of paine——of paine, O that nature would not make an honest vvoman?

Fle. She did, shee did my Lord.

Pis. Ar't there? speake, who was't?

Fle. Eue, Eue, my Lord, shee was honest.

Pis. Art sure on't?

Fle. I sure my Lord, for there was no man to tempt her but her husband.

Pis. I thought twas some such Country Gentlewoman, O *Fleire, Fleire*, I loue a whoore.

Fle. Why my Lord, were you neuer a Souldier?

Pis. Yes, yes.

Fle. Why then tis your profession, you neede not be asham'd of your trade.

Pis. But *Fleire*, woot helpe, woot helpe me man?

Fle. I, I, who i'st?

Pis. Thy Lady, thy elder Lady.

Fle. O my Lord, loue her, why? shee's a vvhoore.

Pis. I *Fleire*, but shee may turne.

Fle. But shee is so much worne my Lord, shee's not worth turning now.

Pis. Doe not vexe me, doe not torment mee; doe not torture me vpon the racke of iests, I tell thee if shee please, shee may turne.

Fle. I my Lord, taile to game, like a buzzard Hawke, or so:

Pis. Yet againe, now the Deuill take thy body, and damnation light vpon thy soule, destruction on thy bones, confusion

fuſion in thy marrow, doſt ſcorne mee, mocke me, vexe mee, torment me? doſt? doſt? Ile hang my ſelfe, nay, Ile damne my ſelfe rather then loue thy Lady, and be abuſed by thee: I will, I will. *Exit Piſo: Enter Knight.*

Kni. O *Fleire*, how does thy Lady?

Fle. I deliuered your Letter Sir, and ſhe thanks you for't.

Kni. And how does ſhee? ha, how does ſhee?

Fle. Faith not well, ſhe has taken phyſicke, and your Gentleman vſher there miniſters to her: ſhees very great, and ſhe ſaies ſhe feeles much ſtirring in her belly.

Kni. Sure then *Fleire*, ſhe has eaten too much raw fruit.

Fle. Vpon my life then, they be plums, and the ſtones make her ſwell.

Kni. Sure then t'is ſo, I ſhould ſend her ſome-thing to comfort her now being ſicke: what doeſt thinke were beſt *Fleire*?

Fle. Send her an Oten Cake, t'is a good Northren token: ſir *Raphe Shaue* ſent his Miſtris one, but I thinke a meant to ride a iourney on her, and thought Otes would make her trauell well.

Kni. No, Oates is too great a binder after her Phiſicke, I care not if I goe and viſit her, and carry her a Woodcocke.

Fle. You'le goe alone ſir.

Kni. I, I meane ſo, but how ſhould I carry him *Fleire*?

Fle. Vnder your Cloke ſir, vnder your Cloake.

Kni. Mas, and thou ſayeſt true, Ile goe buy one ſtraight, and yet now I remember me, t'is no great matter if I deferre it till ſhe be well, it ſhall be ſo *Fleire*, I vvill.

Fle. Oy'are of a French humour ſir, as inconſtant, as impacient: I thinke you haue ſcarce the patience to tel the clocke when it ſtrikes.

Kni. Tuſh, I keepe a boy for ſuch vſes.

Fle. For nothing elſe?

Kni. Yes, to weare a garded Cloake.

Fle. Not till you be richly married.

Kni. No, not till I be richly married: he ſhould weare one now, if my money were come out o'th Country.

Fle. I vvonder you vvould be Knighted Sir, since your money is so long a comming, that you cannot maintaine your Knight-hood gallantly.

Kni. Faith I was Knighted to get me a good wife *Fleire.*

Fle. Get you a good wife? Why looke ye Sir, speake but the golden tongue very perfectly, marry you must speake it well, and call some great Lord Cousen: t'will get you a better wife then three hundred pound ioynter. You may report you haue Cole-pits to, t'is a vvarme commoditie I can tell you: they may be sent about by water; if they here come, as your money doth not, you may curse the windes, or complaine of shipwracke: and then though't be a lie, t'is drown'd.

Kni. I, but say it should be prou'd afterwards t'was not true.

Fle. True? Gods my life, shee's a wise woman that vvill goe as farre as New-Castle to search the depth of a Cole-pit for your truth.

Kni. I would be loath to leaue my truth so farre hence.

Fle. But I am sure heele bring his honestie no neerer hither; but that comes about by water to as his money does.

Kni. But *Fleire* is not thy Lady a vertuous Gentlewoman?

Fle. O yes sir, I often finde her in deepe contemplation.

Kni. Of vvhat I prethee?

Fle. Of *Aretines* pictures.

Kni. I, I warrant her, O shee can endure no bawdrie, shee spits when shee heares one speake on't.

Fle. Thats becausse her mouth waters at it.

Kni. Shees wondrous musicall too.

Fle. Very true, she euery day sings, *Iohn for the King*, and at *Vp-tailes all*, shees perfect.

Kni. Be these good tunes *Fleire*?

Fle. Excellent, excellent Sir, farre better then your Scottish Iigges.

Kni. Yet many of our Ladies delight much in the Scottish Musicke.

Fle. I, with their Instruments.

Kni. Thou

Kni. Thou hast a good wit *Fleire*: if I were a great man thou shouldest be my Secretary.

Fle. And I hope I should discharge the place sufficiently: for I haue learning enough to take a bribe, and wit enough to be proud. But whither are you going now sir?

Kni. Faith I am going to thy Ladies *Fleire*.

Fle. You will not speake with am now; for my Ladies will speake with none but Gentlemen.

Kni. Why sir, I hope I am a Knight, and Knights are before Gentlemen.

Fle. What Knights before Gentlemen, say yee?

Kni. Faith I.

Fle. That's strange, they were wont to be Gentlemen 'fore they were Knighted: but for this newes Ile follow you.

Kni. Doe, and as occasion serues Ile preferre thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Piso, and Nan as his Boy.

Piso. Why should I loue her? because shee's faire, because shee's faire? because shee's a whore: for if shee were not fayre shee would not be a whore; and if she were not faire, I should not loue her: *Ergo*, if shee were not a whore I should not loue her: well concluded wit, well concluded wit; there is no man breathing could loue her but I, shee's a whore, yet her beauty haunts me like a Ghost, I cannot sleepe for't, her remembrance rides me like the Mare a nights, I cannot rest for't, what shall I doe? I shall burst boy.

Nan. My Lord.

Piso. Will thy tongue be secret?

Nan. As the clapper of a Mill, my Lord.

Piso. Is not that alwayes going?

Nan. I my Lord, but I hope it sayes nothing.

Piso. O thou hast wit I see. I am in loue my boy, I am, I am.

Nan. With whom my Lord?

Piso. With a very Wag-tale, an arrant woman, a very Peacocke, whose pride is maintained by her taile.

Nan. Then it is maintained by the vvorthiest part of her body.

Pis. Come, your wit boy, your proofe.

Nan. If a hundred men in company mee't, doth not the worthiest man amongst them, first take his place, & sit downe?

Pis. I grant it.

Nan. And I am sure my Lord, vvhere ere the body comes the taile first takes his place, and sits downe, and therefore I hope tis the vvorthiest part of the body.

Pis. O that I had the reason of a sailour to know her like a rocke, that I might saile from her and auoid her: or as a vertuous man knowes sinne, to loath and leaue it. And yet shee's wondrous faire, I vvould she vvere as honest: kind vsage may reclaime her from her sinne, and make her stoupe vnto her husbands vvill, as doth a wel-mand Hawke vnto the lure.

Nan. O I, shee has beene man'd already, shee knowes the lure and will come to any call.

Pis. O but her beautie may excuse the folly of her youth, tis want of maintenance hath ouerthrowne her, want & pride are two notorious bawds: want makes the noblest creature sel her soule for gold, & pride doth make the gallants stoope to lust.

Nan. And often sels pure honestie, to clad her taile in glittering brauery.

Pis. And tis well done, let euery member weare that which it won: why should the head study to maintaine the foot?

Nan. Or the foot trot to maintaine the head?

Pis. Why should not euery member like a mechanicke man in a common-wealth, labour in his owne trade to maintaine it selfe? then since euery thing must liue, I will no more condemne beauty for being clad in luxury, but henceforth I will loue her, and let my passion smoothly swimme a-long the streame of lowes affection: hence-forth I will no more with foule and hated thoughts, abuse so rare a creature, whose behauiour and discourse, inchantes the eares of men, and driues the world into a wonder ——— ay me!

Nan. Faith my Lord you'l ere win a woman by sighing

crossing,

crossing your armes, and crying aye me? the onely way to win them, is to care little for am: when they are sad doe yee sing: when they sing and are merry, then take your time and put am too't: if they will, so: if not, let them snicke vp: if you will walke in my Lord, Ile shew you many principles I learn'd of my Mother, they may doe your Lordship good.

Pet. Goe, goe, I will: O vnhappy fate.

When youth and weakneſſe muſt ſupport our ſtate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fleire one way, Sparke, Reffell and Petomme another way.

Spa. How now *Fleire*.

Reff. Saue you *Fleire*.

Fle. Saue ye Gallants. O Signior *Petomme*, ſhall you and I be frends agen?

Spa. Why are yee enemies?

Fle. No great enemies, a quarrell roſe betweene vs.

Pet. I doe not like ſuch quarrels, a ſtruck me ſir, and I proteſt and ſweare to you ſir, by this Trinidado, had I not taken the boxe on my cheeke, a had broke my Pipe.

Spa. Why didſt not ſtrike him agen?

Reff. O no, his Father's a Iuſtice.

Fle. Nay, if the Father be of Peace, I ſee no reaſon the Son ſhould fight.

Reff. What, a coward Signior? fie, a coward?

Fle. A Coward? why that's his onely vertue, for a Coward abuſeth no man, but a makes him ſatisfaction: for if a wrong all men, a giues all men leaue to beate him, hee's like a whetſtone, he ſets an edge on another, & yet a will not cut himſelfe.

Reff. Come, come, we muſt needs haue you friends, and thou'lt doe him ſome good offices.

Fle. Who? I? with all my heart, but what iſt ſir? what iſt?

Reff. Thou ſhalt commend his loue to Madame *Fromage*.

Fle. His loue to her? what Signior, in loue with my Ladies Ancient?

Spa. Why her Ancient?

Fle. Becauſe ſhee carries her colours for her, but 'tis in a

box: but Signior you shall have a good match on't, though shee be not rich, yet shee's an ancient woman, and is able to get her living by Midwifery, and I can tell yee 'tis not the worst trade going, considering how young and old, and all doe their good wils to set them a worke, and 'tis a good bearing, better they get then Lawyers, for your Midwives live by the agreement betweene party and party, and the falling in of lovers, but the Lawyers live by the falling out of friends.

Pet. I pray sir what may shee be worth?

Flo. Worth? let mee see, shee hath three yealow Periwigs of her owne: shee hath a Fan with a short silver handle about the length of a Barbars Siringe: she has a Looking-glasse too, but that hat plaid the prodigall Citizen with her, 'tis broken, and much other goods of the same nature.

Spa. But come Signior, how will you woo her?

Pet. I will tell her shee is so wise, that neyther age nor time could couzen her of beauty.

Fle. And by my faith that will doe well.

Pet. I will tell her that I love her most for the whitenesse of her skinne.

Fle. But you may not say the sweetnesse of her breath, for that sticks.

Pet. I will praise the smalnesse of her fingers.

Fle. But I assure you, you may better praise the length of her Nayles.

Pet. I am affraid that being old she has a dry hand.

Fle. That's certaine, but she hath a very moyst nose, you may praise her for that: but my Gallants, why are ye such strangers at our little Court?

Spa. Because thy Ladies live like the Beadles of Bridewell.

Fle. How's that sir?

Spa. By the sinnes of the people.

Ruff. They say the Lord *Piso* hath beene a good Clyent to thy elder Lady of late.

Fle. The more fooles hee: why your good Clyent is but like

like your stuily gowne, sits in the colde himselfe, to keepe the Lawyer warme.

Spa. And what fees hast thou out of their trade?

Fle. Faith my fees are like a Puny Clarkes, a penny a sheet.

Spa. How a penny a sheet?

Fle. Why if any lye with them a whole night, I make the bed it'h morning, and for that I haue two pence, and thats a penny a sheet.

Ruff. What Gallants vse to come to your house?

Fle. All sorts, all nations, and all trades; there is first Master *Gallant* your Britaine, Master *Metheglins* your Welchman, Mounsieur *Mustroome* the Frenchman; Signior *Fumada* the Spaniard, Master *Oscabath* the Irishman: and Master *Shamrough* his Lackey, O and Master *Slopdragon* the Dutchman. Then for your Tradesmen, there comes first Master *Saluberrimum* the Physitian, Master *Smooth* the silkeman, Master *Thimble* the Taylor, Master *Blade* the Cutler, and Master *Rowell* the Spurrier: but Master *Match* the Gunner of Towerhill comes often: hee has taught my Ladies to make fireworkes, they can deale in Chambers already, as well as all the Gunners that make am flie off with a traine at *Lambeth*, when the Mayor and Aldermen land at Westminster; but come Signior, you haue Tobacco, and Ile giue you a Cup of Muld Sacke and weele cene goe drinke a health to our Mistresses.

Exeunt.

Finis Act. Tertij.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter the two Ladies, Piso and Knight, and Fromaga one way: Sparke, Ruffell, Petoune and Fleire another way.

Fle. Health to our best esteemed friends, Master *Sparke*, and Master *Ruffell*.

Fle. Our good wishes euer wait vpon our best beloued friends, Master *Ruffell*, and Master *Sparke*.

 Ambo. We

Ambo. We both are much indebted to your Ladiſhipe.

Fleer. Looke yee Signior thats ſhee: whoſe loue meanes to aſſault your braines, ſince you haue blowne vp your owne ſconce with Tobacco.

Pet. As I am truely generous, ſhee's modeſt.

Faire Miſtris, you are ſo wiſe, that neither time nor age could euer couſen you of beautie, and I ſweare euen by the Alpes high heauen-touching tops, the trauailours narrow paſſage, and by the towring head of high mount *Chiego*, the Seamans ſouth-ward marke: by theſe the witneſſes vnto my trauaile, I doe vow that you are paſſing faire.

From. If I be not faire Sir, I muſt be foule.

Pet. A foule Lady? what bird might that be?

Fro. A foule Lady? y'are a ſawcy lacke to call mee ſo, that you are.

Pet. O be not angry, for I proteſt I cannot but commend the whitenеſſe of your skinne.

Fro. Marry muffe, I thinke a be a Tanner, and meanes to buy me for my skin.

Pet. Gods mee; ſhee's angry, what ſhall I doe now Signior?

Fle. To her again man, doe not leaue her, the Moone is now vpon change, ſhee will turne.

Pet. I pray you Lady know me by the title of ſome kindneſſe.

Fro. Kindneſſe, faith Sir you are miſtaken in me, you muſt ſeeke your flurts ſome other where, and I pra'y come not to make a foole of me: alas man though I am a waiting-woman doe not thinke I ſpend my time in nothing but tempering of colours, working of drawne-worke, warming of ſmocks, and pinning in of ruffes, faith yes.

Fle. And you come to her Signor, you muſt come to her as Country-Gentlewomen doe into the faſhion, that is: in the taile and latter end on't.

Fro. Faith I, and yee come to begin your knauery on me, Ile take you downe: I am none of your young ſimpering wai-

ting-

ting-women, that are ashamed to be counted proud, & therefore suffer euery Seruing-man to vse them at their pleasure.

Pet. Now on my conscience Mistresse, my loue is honest, and I desire marriage.

Fro. Indeed if you meane marriage, I am content to beare the more with you: but I pra'y sir, when shall we be married? by my troth I aske you, because I haue beene so often deceiued, I warrant you, I haue beene promised and dealt vpon promises in the way of marriage aboue an hundred times.

Pet. At our next meeting we will set downe a day for the effecting of it.

Flo. Gentlemen, wee haue some small discourse which a little requires secrecy, therefore if it please ye to walke in, and make vse of our better roomes, wee will not long be absent from you.

Sp. & Ruf. With all our hearts. *Exeunt.*

Manent two Ladies, the Lord and Knight:

Felicia. and the two Wenches disguised, hide themselues.

Flo. Worthy Lord, doe not thinke immodestie in mee, though contrary to the bashfull habite of my sexe, I am inforc'd by loues almighty power, to reueale the secrets of my heart. Your letters haue so much preuailed with me, that in a word I must confesse I loue you.

Fel. Worthy Knight, I would my wordes had but the power to vvorke in you, that which your lines haue done in me, then should the happy consolation of my life dwell euer in your loues embracements.

Kni. Assure ye Lady, your gift of loue to me shall be deserued, though nothing but my liues deare breath requite it.

Pis. And I will rather die a thankfull death, then liue a hatefull life, which I must doe vnlesse I finde a meanes that may deserue your loue.

Flo. Now your tongue goes like a well-tuned instrument, and makes my heart within my bosome daunce with ioy, to heare such large requitall of my loue: but durst you to maintaine this your affection, although it were with some danger

of

of your life?

Pis. Durſt I? I vow, euen by my ſoules eternitie, I durſt.

Flo. Alas, if yee knew all, 'tis your owne good, not mine: and yet I lye, 'tis my good too, ſince my life depends vpon your ſafetie.

Pis. What is't deare Ladie? although it be the death of man, if it be pleaſing vnto you, Ile doo't.

Flo. O let mee imbrace ſo deare a ſpirit in ſo deare a boſome: and ſince you haue bound your ſelfe by promiſe I will be plaine, there are two that hate you two, becauſe wee loue you, and often haue perſwaded vs by gifts and large proteſtations to haue vs loue them if they kil'd you.

Pis. What vs?

Kni. Who we?

Flo. Nay 'tis too true; for while you liu'd, they ſaid there was no hope for them to looke for any loue from vs: now we poore ſilly women, fearing leaſt they without conſent of vs, ſhould doe that which their hatred doth intend, wee thinke it fit, preuention firſt be vſed, by giuing them to drinke of what themſelues haue brude.

Pis. Firſt murther them.

Fel. I rue, ſo ſhall yee then be ſure,
I inioy our loues, we yours, and liue ſecure.

Pis. But what are they Ladies?

Flo. SPARE. *Fel.* And RUFFELL.

Pis. Then dye for't, though they were my Fathers Sonnes.

Kni. They ſhall not liue.

Pis. Let little children feare the ſhallow brookes, for I can ſwim, though't be through Seas of bloud; let fooliſh feare goe dwell with women, for bloudy reſolution ſhall not part from me. Ile kill them both euen with mine owne hands, Ile doo't.

Flo. O no, Ile reueale it then, vnleſſe you firſt doe ſweare and take a Sacrament, what euer ban, to keepe our names vncouch't.

Pis. Vncouch't? weele doo't.

Fel. Then for the meanes.

Kni. Weele ſtabbe them.

Pif. Weele fight with them.

Flo. No, ſo you may miſſe them, and they kill you.

Fel. Giue them a Figge.

Flo. Make them drinke their laſt.

Fel. Poyſon them.

Pif. But for the meanes.

Flo. You two ſhall make a banquet, and in a cup of wine a health ſhall paſſe.

Pif. In which Ile mingle ſuch a dram, as they ſhall ride to heauen in poſt, vnleſſe they miſſe the way.

Kni. But where ſhall we get the poiſon? becauſe you know it's dangerous, and will breed ſuſpect where ere we buy it.

Pif. I haue a Country-man in towne an Apothecarie, one *Seigneur Aluino*, a fellow that is well ſtor'd, and will ſell me of the beſt.

Nan. If a were of my minde, a would thinke no poiſon too good for you.

Flo. Come then, I would haue you goe about the preparation of the feaſt. *Exunt.*

Fle. Now boyes, you haue a couple of goodly maſters.

Nan. I *Fleire*, and thou haſt a couple of vertuous miſtreſſes. O they are a couple of damn'd peeces, that will plot or counſell the death of two ſuch worthy Gentelemen.

Su. For one of them the earth did neuer beare a worthier creature.

Nan. Which is that?

Su. Which is that? why ſiſter, haue you ſo oft confeſt that her all perfection'd ſpirit points her out for vertue her ſelfe to imitate, and yet doy'aske now which is that?

Fle. How? ſiſter, nay now I ſmell you y faith, doy'heare, doy'heare, whoſe Fidlers are you two? what inſtruments doe you beare I pray?

Nan. You haue told a wiſe tale, faith Sir we ca rie none.

Fle. Tis

Fle. Tis true my little Muſitians, you carry but the caſes my little curtals, yfaith I ſmell a ſmocke here too, and are ye two wenches yfaith.

Nan. If we were I hope thou wouldſt not wrong vs.

Fle. No, as I am a true Italian borne.

Su. Then tis true, we confeſſe to thee we are both wenches, and the loue of theſe two Gentlemen, *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, hath made vs leaue our ſelues to waite on them, which by misfortune we did miſſe.

Fle. But beleeue me my little Gallants, yee play the Boyes well.

Na. Well? why ile tell thee, I haue plaide the boy ſo long as I am chang'd into the nature of a boy, ile go to ſpancounter with any page in *Europe*, for his beſt garters, I can tell baudy tales, drinke drunke, brag, ſwear and lie, with any Lackie in the Towne.

Su. I can man a Puncke to a play, or ſlaunder any Gentlewoman, as well as any Innes a Court puny, I can as well as he ſweare ſuch a Lady is in loue with me, and ſuch a Citizens Daughter would haue come to bed to me, when all ſhall be as true as thy Ladies are honeſt.

Nan. I wonder thoult liue in ſuch a ſinfull place.

Su. Thy Ladies are as common as any Tauerne doore.

Fle. Good compariſons, for a man comes no ſooner into a Tauerne, but hees welcome, & the operation of the pot makes him not able to ſtand, when he comes out.

Nan. But what ſhall we doe in this matter?

Su. Doe? why, complaine of them to the Magiſtrates, and preuent the murder.

Fle. No, not ſo, ile tell you how't ſhall be, harke in your eares.

Both. Doe it, and we ſhall euer thanke thee.
Come lets about it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segnior Alano, the Apothecarie in his ſhop with wares about him.

Al. Whats this? O this is *Arringus*; this makes the olde man able, and the young man luſty, ſtrengtheneth the nerues

and

and doth concect the blood, and her name is written on the box, becauſe my wife ſhould know it in my abſence: this is Ciuet, this came from the Cats taile, I would mine were ſuch a Cat: this perfumes your Ladies, and not without cauſe, for ſome I meane whoſe ſweet breath is dead, and teeth mourne in blacke for the loſſe on't, this makes your young Gallants ſmell them, nine daies before they ſee them, like yong poops: this drug is pretious and deere; whats this? O this is the ſpirit of Roſes, nineteene buſhels and a halfe of Roſes make but an ounce, and a dramme on't, tis made of the Quinteſſence of the water after the fifteenth diſtillation: none may kiſſe a Lady after ſhe hath annointed her lips with this, vnder the degree of a Lord at leaſt, tis worth nine pounds an ounce, yet I could neuer ſtill it ſo.

Enter Fleire diſguiſed.

Fle. Saue you Segnior.

Alu. Y'are welcome ſir, what doe ye lacke?

Fel. I want a ſeruice, and am by my profeſſion an Apothecary, and ſhall be glad to be entertained by you.

Al. What countriman art thou?

Fle. I am a Florentine borne.

Alu. Thou art my countryman, and therefore welcome, and in happy time, for I am bound for Italy, and want a man to take charge of my ſhop, onely this is all I ſhall require of you, be carefull of your cares, and obedient to your Miſtreſſe.

Fle. I ſhall remember ſtill not to forget what you giue me in charge.

Alu. What is thy name?

Fle. Iacomo.

Alu. Well *Iacomo*, if I finde thee honeſt, thou ſhalt finde me liberall.

Fle. I would be loath to be found otherwiſe.

Alu. Continue ſo, I prethee, and ſo farewell *Iaques*, but ile enforme my wife before I goe, to reſpect thee according to thy merit. *Exit.*

Enter Piſo and a Knight.

Fle. Now come away my cuſtomers, I hope I am fitted for an Apothecary. S'heart I thinke ime turnd conjurer, for I haue no ſooner cal'd, but the diuels are appeared, what doe ye lacke Gentlemen.

Piſo. Where's your Maſter, fellow?

Fle. My Maſter is gone into *Italy* ſir, but if yee want any thing, ile vſe you well, if you want any drugs to make Lotiums, any Reſtringent Powders, any Aqua Mirabilis, any Cordiall receipts, or any pretious Poyſons?

Kni. What poyſons haue you?

Fle. Excellent good ſir, as euer was taſted, looke you ſir, this poyſons by the ſmell, this by the ſight, and this by the taſt.

Piſ. Come giue me ſome of this that poyſons by the taſt, but how muſt I vſe it?

Fle. Put it into a little wine, and drinke it, twill bring you into a long ſleepe.

Piſ. But art ſure twill poyſon a man?

Fle. Am I ſure on't? why, take't vpon my credit, twill poiſon any vermine except it be a woman, for twill poyſon a Cat ſir.

Kni. Why a Cat hath nine liues ſir, and wilt not poyſon a woman, ſeeing twill poyſon a Cat?

Fle. O no, why a woman hath nine Cats liues, a woman hath more liues then a horſe hath diſeaſes, & ſhe will be ſometimes in as many minds in an houre, as ſhe has liues.

Piſ. What times are thoſe?

Fle. When ſhee's left a rich Marchants Widdow, commonly, and hath many ſuiters, ſhe will in her mind marry three or 4 and 50 of am in an afternoone, and threeſcore more when ſhe goes to bed, yet in the morning ſheele haue none of them all, but goe to Church before day, and marry her Prentiſe for the good ſeruice a did her in her Husbands time.

Piſ. Well, but whats the priſe of your poyſon?

Fle. There's an ounce will coſt you a French crowne ſir.

Kni. Tis very deere.

Fle. O ſir, tis very cheape conſidering the goodneſſe on't.

Piſo. Yea? is there good in ill?

Fle. O ſir, I, in many things the better the worſer.

Kni. As how?

Fle. As in poyſon, or in a puncke, for the better whoore the worſer woman euer.

Piſ. Well honeſt fellow, there's thy money and farewell.

Exit.

Fle. I thanke you ſir, I haue ſould you a poyſon my olde elders, twill make am ſleepe indeed, and I thanke God that's the worſt twill doe: well, farewell Maſter Apothecary, I muſt now like a friend intreat your ſhop to haue a ſpeciall care of it ſelfe.

Exit.

Enter Sparke, Ruffell and Petoune.

Ruff. And ſhall wee dine with this Honourable Lord and Knight to day?

Spa. Theyle take it vnkindely elſe.

Ruff. Segnior, will you goe?

Pet. Not I, I was not bid.

Ruff. Thats all one, ſhalt be my gueſt.

Spar. Come, a ſhall goe, for there will be his Miſtreſſe Madam *Fromaga.*

Ruff. Nay, then I know the Iet of her complexion will draw the ſtraw of his loue thither.

Sp. Faith I, poore Segnior, I ſee the Springle of her beauty hath already caught the Woodcocke of his affections.

Pet. Well, I ſee he that will haue the commoditie of good wits in his company, muſt indure the diſcommodity of ieſts, Wit is like the heat of blood in youth twill breake out.

Ruff. True Segnior, though it be but on a ſcab, but come ſhall we goe?

Pet. I my Heroique Spirits, ile follow yee.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Quintus.

Enter Petoune one way, and Nan the Page another way.

Nan. O Segnior *Petoune*, what newes?

Pet. Faith ill newes, the two Florentine Ladies, with Maſter *Sparke* and Maſter *Ruffell* were all poyſoned yeſterday at a feaſt by your Lord *Piſo* and the knight, but the Ladies haue recouered their health, but *Sparke* and *Ruffell* are dead, and their buriall is committed to *Fleire*: your Lord and the knight are committed to priſon, and ſhall to morrow be arraign'd for the murther, and tride by the Ciuill-law, becauſe your Lord is a ſtranger, and claimes to be tride by the law of Nations.

Nan. Faith Segnior I am very ſorry for my Lord.

Pet. I proteſt Sir ſo am I for them both.

Nan. Well Segnior Ile commit you to God.

Pet. Let the whole band of Angels be centinels to your ſafety ſweet Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fleire at one doore: and a Seruingman at another.

Fle. I pray Sir doth Iuſtice *Perrio* dwell here?

Ser. Yes Sir, a dwels here.

Fle. Are you towards him ſir?

Ser. I am a poore Gentleman, whoſe fortunes much depend vpon his fauours, and indeede Sir I am his Clarke.

Fle. I pray ſir your name.

Ser. My name is *Mittimus* ſir.

Fle. Good maſter *Mittimus* I would very willingly ſpeake with your Maſter.

Ser. Indeede ſir hee's not well, but if you pleaſe to ſend by me the ſubſtance of your buſineſſe I ſhall very carefully deliuerit.

Fle. Truly maſter *Mittimus* my buſineſſe is but this: to morrow the Italian Lord, and Sir *Iohn Haus-little* are to bee arraign'd,

araign'd, and your master being the chiefe Iudge of the Court, without his presence or license, the rest can doe nothing: wherefore Doctor *Caius* intreates to know his pleasure in this businesse.

Mitti. Sir I shall deliuer your message, and will returne his answere to you presently.

Fle. Good master *Mittimus* therein shall you much oblige me to be thankefull.

O all-directing power yeeld good aspect,
And to my purpose giue a blessed end;
My intent is good, O let it to succeede,
And be auspicious still to each good deede.

Enter Seruingman with a Ring.

Ser. Sir, my master hath receiued your message, and hath sent this Ring as a token to Doctor *Caius*, desiring him, since my masters health will not permit him to be present, to proceede alone to iudgement, and so commends his loue to him.

Fle. Good master *Mittimus*, I shall both deliuer your masters commendations, and the Ring.

Exeunt seuerally.

Enter Lord Piso with a Torch, a Night-cap, and his Doublet open: In prison.

Piso. Still tongueletse night put off thy sable robe,
Thou needs not mourne, my villanies were done
By day, thou hadst no hand in them, O I am great, as is a
Woman that is neare her time;
And life's the burthen that I beare.
But 'tis a bastard for that I am asham'd on't.
The Law I hope is a skilfull midwife, and will soone deliuer me; grim Iustice doe thy worst;
Thy cruelty shall prooue a curtesie,
And baile me out of prison.
Lie there thou self-consuming Taper, true patterne of my life,
I haue consumde my selfe for others, as thou hast done for me,
and now she has extinguisht my life, as I this light.

O how

O how obedient was my bounty, ſtill
To her command? my liberality
Did fatten miſchiefe, and hath made her prowde:
O that too much of any thing ſhould be ſo ill in euery thing
The Suns all-ſeeing eye, with too much vntemperate heate
makes wither what it made to flouriſh,
The earth being mother to all wholſome hearbes,
With too much fatneſſe oft produceth weedes.
A ſute of cloath doth keepe the body warme,
When richer garments makes the wearer proud.
O, the Meane's the ſweeteſt Muſicke;
Contentment reuels when that ſtring is toucht;
But O, the time will come ſhe will repent
My death: for when ſhe ſookes on vices face
Vnmask't like mine; ſhe will deteſt and loath it.
For this is truth and euermore hath beene,
None can forſake before he knowes his ſinne. *Exit.*

Enter Fleire, Sparke, and Ruffell.

Fle. Come, come, thou didſt but dreame thou wert in hell.

Sp. I tell thee I was in hell.

Ruff. And ſo was I too, Ile be ſworne.

Fle. And how long was't ere thou cameſt thither?

Sp. Me thought t'was long, as long as a ſuit hangs here in the Law ere it be ended.

Fle. But I prethee how broad was the way to hell?

Spar. As broad as the ſpace betweene two lines in a Chancery bill.

Fle. O ſir, there's the conſcience on't, ſay the Plaintiffe be in one line, and the Defendant in another, they being enemies, wer't either conſcience or honeſty in the Clarke to thruſt them ſo neare together, that they might goe together by th'eares? but yfaith what good fellow ſhip was there in hell?

Sp. O the Diuels are excellent companions, they'le drinke your Dutch Captaines, or Court Ladies ſpunges.

Fle. Who

Fle. Who didſt ſee there?

Sp. Faith I ſaw the ſoure Sonnes of *Hymen*, and they were Porters, euer ſince there was a company made of em.

Fle. Why are there a company of Porters in hell?

Sp. O I, the Deuils are but our Apes, man.

Fle. But didſt thou ſee more of them that were damn'd?

Sp. Yes, I ſaw a Citizen damn'd for refuſing a deſperate debt, becauſe t'was tendred him on a Sabboth.

Fle. I hope wee ſhall haue no more Citizens damn'd for that fault.

Spar. There was a poore mercinary woman damn'd becauſe ſhe forſooke her Trade, and turn'd Puritane.

Fle. And good reaſon, why could not ſhee haue kept her Trade, and beene a Puritane, as well as a Puritane keepe her Religion, and yet be of her Trade?

Spar. There was a Lady damn'd becauſe ſhee neuer painted: a Puritane for ſaying Grace without turning vp the white of his eyes: A Tailes for neuer hauing cabby fingers: A Vintner for making great two penny-worths of Sugar. But there was an Innes of Court man damn'd, and I was ſorry for him.

Fle. Why was he damn'd?

Sp. Alas for a ſmall faule.

Fle. I prethee what was't?

Sp. For hauing alwayes money in his purſe.

Fle. Were there no Lawyers in hell?

Sp. There were none of your great Lawyers, as your Sergeants, and Benchers, for they take counſaile of too many good Angels to come there: but your young puny Lawyers, they were in ſwarmes like Gnats in Sommer.

Fle. Why are there ſo many of them there?

Sp. Alas man they ſeldome conuerſe with a good Angell, ſoure elee in a whole Michaelmaſſe Tearme, and if a come a ſtayes not long with em to feede their ſoules, for they are fayne to ſend em away ſtraight to pay for the feeding of their Horſes. There was a Chambermayd damn'd for keeping

her virginitie till she was married, and there were many Soul-diers damn'd for saying their prayers when they were drunke.

Fle. But what didst thou see in hell?

Ruff. O I saw a Scriuener damn'd for procuring a Gentleman money Gratis, but I came in an excellent time.

Fle. What time was't?

Ruff. In a Gossipping time, for *Proserpina* was newly brought to bed of two twins.

Fle. Two twins? what were they?

Ruff. A Sergeant and a Yeoman, but she has put them out to nurse.

Fle. I prethee where?

Ruff. Faith at the Counter in Woodstreet, and the slaues will sucke already like little Horch-sethers.

Fle. But when will she haue them home, that she may be rid of 'em?

Ruff. Faith shee's an vnnaturall Mother, shee cares not greatly if they neuer come home, but the Deuill their Father he loues 'em well, he'le haue 'em home againe ere long.

Fle. Which is the elder brother?

Ruff. O the Sergeant, the Deuill allowes him the better maintenance, for he has more to the dressing of his meate.

Fle. Well Gentlemen, since by the heauens pleasure I haue bene appoynted to saue your liues, let me intreat you to keepe your selues secret till the sequell of this action shall needs your presence.

Ruff. Come let's goe, weele onely follow your directions. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Iudges with their traine, and sit downe.

Taylor. Will't please yee haue the prisoners brought forth?

Cains. Wee can doe nothing till wee heare from Doctor *Perrio*, to know his pleasure in these proceedings.

2. Iudge. Was any man sent to him?

Cains.

Caius. Yes, *Fleire*, the Lady *Floridaes* man, which is not yet returned.

Enter a Iayler.

Iayler. Reuerend Iudges here's a Doctor at doore desires admittance.

Caius. Intreat him to come in.

Enter Fleire like a Doctor.

Fleire. Learned Doctors, Doctor *Eurin* commends him to you, and because sickenesse hath layd so strong a hand upon his weake decrepit body, which doth detaine his presence, he intreats you to accept of me in his place, and as assurance of his earnest desire thereof, he hath sent this well known Ring, as a token to you.

Caius. Sir, we know the Ring, and you are very welcome; and so I pra'y assume his place.

Iayler. Is it your pleasure the Prisoners be brought forth?

Caius. I, both of them.

Enter Pis. Knight, two Ladies, two Watches, Nan and Sue, Peroune, Fromage.

Caius. My Lord, you are here indited of a hatefull crime, and I am very sorry to see you in this sort stand here.

Pis. Thrice reuerend Iudges, and therefore honoured Lords, I must confesse, that like a skilfull dancer, I haue truely footed fitly, yet like a learner in my course of life, trode much out of measure, I haue liu'd like an vnbackt colt, proud and wanton, my tree of life hath borne more leaues then fruit. I neuer was deboash'd, I steard away my daies euen in a Sea of sinne.

Caius. And in that sea my Lord, you bore so great a saile as you haue ouer-set your barke of life, and heere you are accused my Lord, euen of a hateful crime, so is the Knight there,

for poysoning two Gentlemen, *Sparke* and *Russell*, how doe you answere this my Lord?

Pis. Alas my Lord, this is soone answered, for though that I haue surfeited on sin, yet haue I not been drunke with blood.

Caius. What say you Knight?

Kni. The crime is great I must confesse my Lord, but I am sure the proofe can be but little.

Cai. Ladies you know most, and therefore tis fittest most you speake.

Fl. Why then my Lord, this is all wee can say, this Lord and Knight, feasted diuers of vs their friends, but foure of vs he drench'd with such a drumme, which soone made two discharge the debt they owde to Nature.

Pise. O conscience wouldest thou giue me leaue?

Fl. And we no doubt my Lords, had long ere this breathd out our liues like them, but that we had the lesser quantity, for being esteemed the weaker vessels, they thought the lesser blow would breake vs.

Kni. O had not death arrested me.

Flo. Why then my Lord, we thus must now proceed, they that spilt innocent bloud themselues must bleed out. Ladies I haue heard you had a man cald *Fleire*, whats become of him?

Flo. Hee was sent to Doctor *Ferrio*, and we neuer saw him since.

Fle. Doe you know his hand Ladies?

Fel. Very well.

Flo. I pray you looke heere then.

Flo. This is his hand indeede.

Fel. I very perfectly doe know it to be his.

Fle. Why then vpon this hand I heere arrest you both, vpon your liues.

Both. Who, wee?

Fle. I, you Ladies, my Lord I pray you, read this Letter.

Cai. Reuerend Iudges, God will by some meanes punish euery sinne, and though against my will, yet by my conscience I am inforced to vnmaske my Ladies vaillancie, the murther

for

for which the Lord and Knight are like to die, was laſt plotted by them: the two Pages with my ſelfe did heare it: the priſoners in this action, are inforc'd by Sacrament to be ſecret, and thus intreating heauen in iuſtice ſtill to aide you.

Yours Fleire, a Florentine.

Caius. Is this true my Lord?

2. Iudge. They are ſworne not to reueale it.

Fle. But being reuealed they may affirme it.

Both. Tis too true my Lord.

Fle. Where are the Pages?

Both. Here my Lord.

Fle. How ſay you boyes to this Letter?

Both. The Letter ſpeakes nothing but the truth.

Fle. Well Ladies, then we heere pronounce this ſentence that you muſt die among the reſt.

Flor. You powers diuine I know doe plainely ſee,
Heauens ſtarry eyes ſee all our villany,
And God in Iuſtice murther will reueale,
But were I now, my life for to beginne,
Ide be an honeſt wife to you, wherefore forgiue me deareſt I.

Piſ. Lady, I doe, euen as I hope to be forgiuen.

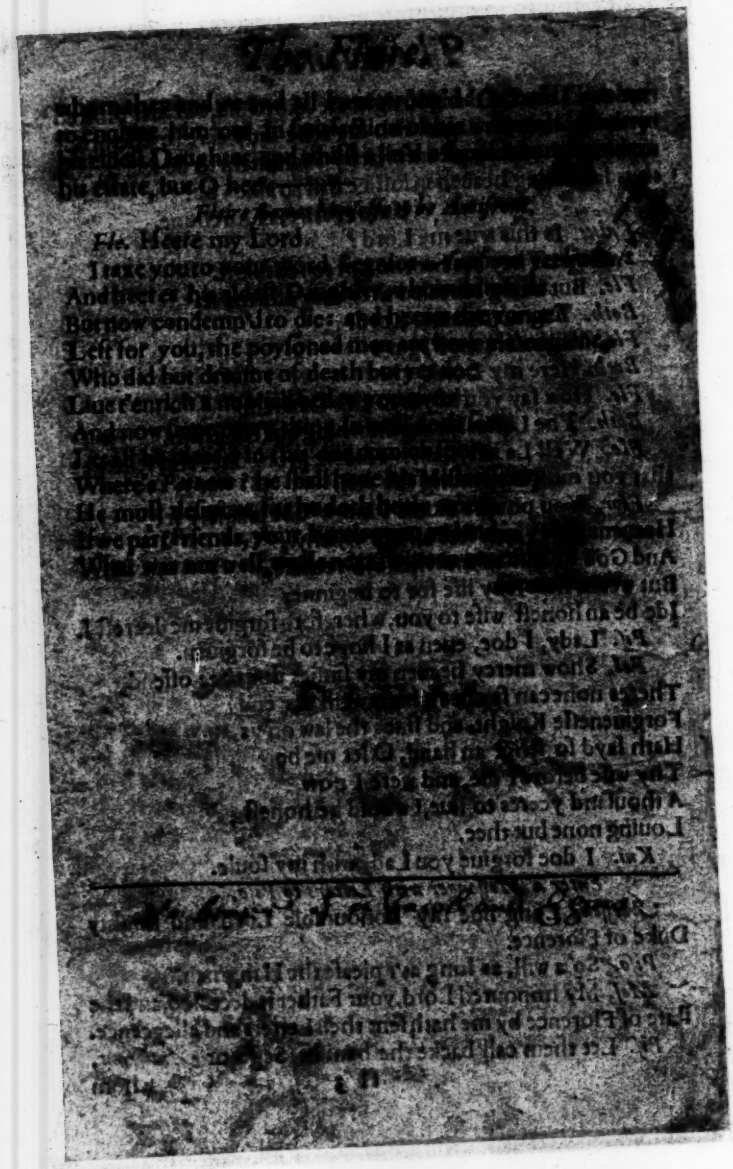
Fel. Show mercy heauen my ſinnes doe thee offend,
Theres none can ſay hee's happy till his end:
Forgiueneſſe Knight, and ſince the law on vs
Hath layd ſo ſtrict an hand, O let me be
Thy wife before I die, and were I now
A thouſand yeeres to liue, I would be honeſt
Louing none but thee.

Kni. I doe forgiue you Lady with my ſoule.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters to Piſo.

Meſſen. Long liue my Honourable Lord and mighty Duke of Florence.

Piſo. So a will, as long as't pleaſe the Hangman.

Meſ. My honoured Lord, your Father is deceaſed, and the ſtate of Florence by me hath ſent their Letters and allegeance.

Piſ. Let them call backe the baniſht Segnior *Antifront*,